

NATIONAL

APRIL
No. 53

COMICS

10c

5M
4
SALTY
COMIC
STORY



traps
SCRAMOLO,
the escape
wizard!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



VOLTO

FROM MARS

WE'RE
GETTING CLOSE
TO UNEXPLORED
COUNTRY
NOW...

VOLTO AND JIMMY ARE
FLYING OVER JUNGLE
IN A HELICOPTER.

GOSH! THE JUNGLES THICK HERE!

THE PLANE SWOOPS LOW OVER
THE RIVER ...

HERE'S WHERE I GO
INTO ACTION! WATCH!
MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

HELP!
HELP!

QUICK, VOLTO!
SHE CAN'T
SWIM!

I'LL GET 'EM
BOTH! LOOK!
MY RIGHT HAND
ATTRACTS!

A panel from a comic book. On the left, a superhero in a red and blue suit is shown from the side, pointing his right hand towards a boat. The word 'VOLTO!' is written in large, bold letters above the boat. In the boat, several people are visible, including a woman with blonde hair. A speech bubble from the boat contains the words 'HELP! HELP!'.

OH,
VOLTO! WE
OWE OUR
LIVES TO
YOU!

LUCKY
WE CAME BY
JUST THEN,
LILY, OR YOU
AND JOE TALL
WOULD'A BEEN
MINCE MEAT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

HERE, VOLTO... I BROUGHT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ALONG SO YOU COULD RECHARGE YOUR MAGNETISM. SWELL, JIM! I COULDN'T GET THROUGH A DAY WITHOUT WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL!

CAN LILY
AND I HAVE
SOME, TOO?
WE HAVE NO
MAGNETISM
TO RECHARGE,
BUT EVERYBODY
LIKES SUPER-
TASTING GRAPE-
NUTS
FLAKES!

MAKES
YOU FEEL
LIKE A
MOUNTAIN
OF ENERGY
TOO!



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**

ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

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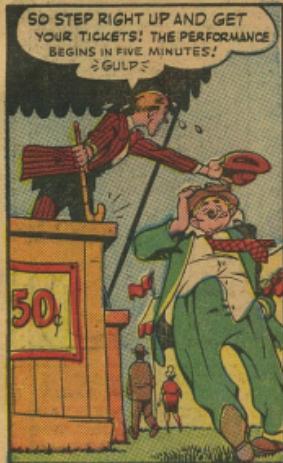
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THE BARKER!



By Klaus Nordling

Here he is, lad-e-e-s and gentlemen... SCRAMOLO, the world's greatest escape artist! Watch him get out of the tightest bonds, the strongest cage, any man-made fetters! Watch him dazzle a thrill hungry audience with his slippery antics! No wonder Carnie Calahan, the BARKER, thought he was the biggest act Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus had ever offered the public! Unfortunately, Scramolo didn't think as much of the Barker... and that meant trouble!



THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT WE CAN'T PULL ENOUGH PEOPLE IN TO MAKE IT WORTH WHILE PUTTING ON A PERFORMANCE?

IT'S SIMPLE! THEY'RE TIRED OF LOOKING AT THE SAME OLD ACTS! WE HAVEN'T HAD A NEW ACT IN AN AGE!

HUM! AND WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST, MAY I ASK?

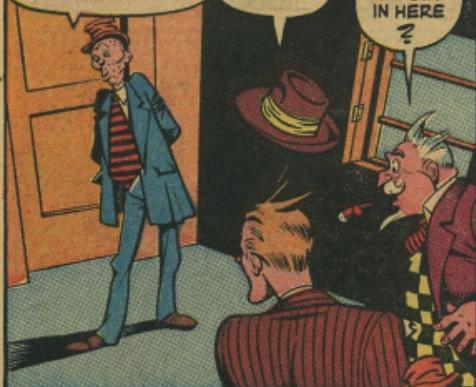
THERE YOU'VE GOT ME!



NO, HE HASN'T, KID! I'M YOUR ANSWER!

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE ?



ELEMENTARY, PAL! I GOT IN THE SAME WAY I GET OUT OF PLACES!

BUT THE POOR AND THE WINDOINS ARE LOCKED!



THAT'S RIGHT UP MY ALLEY! SCRAMOLO'S THE NAME --- THE WORLD'S GREATEST ESCAPE ARTIST! ONLY SOMETIMES I PERFORM IN REVERSE AND GET INTO PLACES!

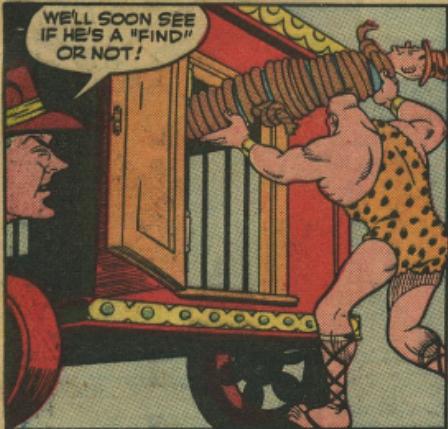
OH, YEAH? HOW COME I NEVER HEARD OF YOU? I KNOW EVERYBODY IN THE CIRCUS BUSINESS!



LET HIM STRUT HIS STUFF FOR US, COLONEL! IF HE'S AS GOOD AS HE SAYS, HE MAY BE WHAT WE NEED!

HUM! IT PROBABLY WON'T DO ANY GOOD... BUT THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE!







AND ON THE INSIDE, FOLKS, ANYBODY MAY TIE SCRAMOLO UP IN ANY WAY OR LOCK HIM UP IN ANY BOX OR CAGE... AND THEN WATCH HIM GET OUT!







Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus is a sellout day after day...





I'M GLAD TO SEE
YOU ARE REASONABLE
MEN!



EITHER WAY, WE'RE SUNK UNLESS WE
FIGURE OUT HOW TO HANDLE SCRAMBOL!
IF HE WALKS OUT, WE LOSE OUR TOP ACT!
IF HE STAYS, HE STEALS ALL WE MAKE;
THE PROBLEM IS ... WHAT'S HIS SECRET?
IF WE KNOW THAT, WE'VE GOT HIM!



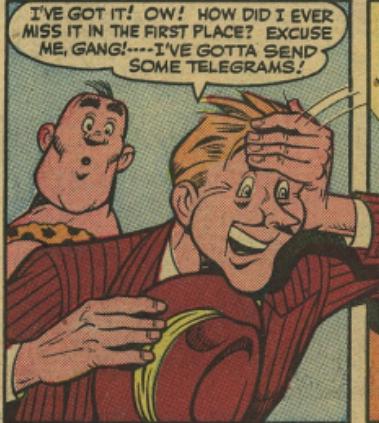
HE CAN'T
BE HELD
IN A
LOCKUP!

HE
LAUGHS
AT
JAILS!

HE'S AFRAID OF
CERTAIN UNKNOWN
PARTIES!



I'VE GOT IT! OW! HOW DID I EVER
MISS IT IN THE FIRST PLACE? EXCUSE
ME, GANG!----I'VE GOTTA SEND
SOME TELEGRAMS!



At the next
performance...

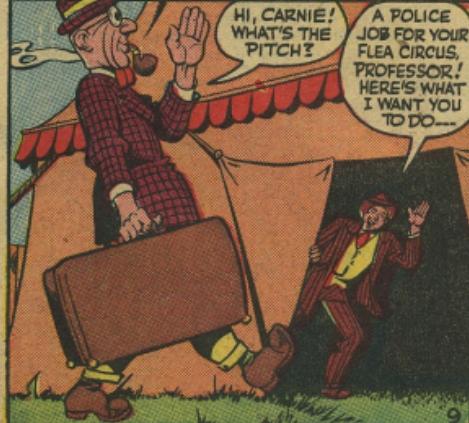
THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT!
HE'S BUSTED OUT OF HALF
A DOZEN JAILS! WE KEEP
HUNTING FOR HIM BECAUSE IT'S OUR
JOB.... BUT WE KNOW WE WON'T
BE ABLE TO HOLD HIM!

YOU WON'T... BUT
I'VE ALSO WIRED A FRIEND OF MINE
WHO WILL!



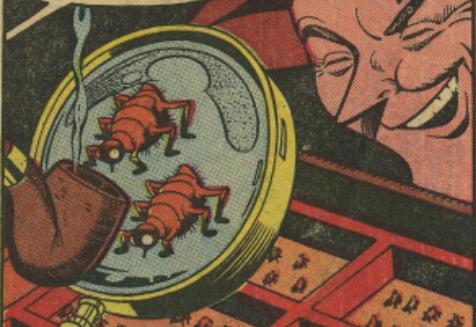
HI, CARNIE!
WHAT'S THE
PITCH?

A POLICE
JOB FOR YOUR
FLEA CIRCUS,
PROFESSOR!
HERE'S WHAT
I WANT YOU
TO DO---



SQUADRON EIGHT, FIFTH BATTALION,
WILL MAKE A FLANKING ATTACK,
WHILE THE SEVENTH SUICIDE
PLATOON BAITS HIM INTO
THE MAIN TRAP!

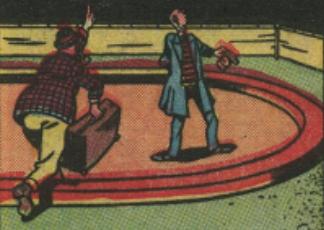
AND I'LL BE
ON HAND TO
EKE A LITTLE
INFORMATION!



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AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ANYBODY WHO WISHES TO TRY MAY TIE ME UP AND I GUARANTEE TO ESCAPE IN FIVE SECONDS FLAT!

I'LL DO IT, SCRAMOLO!



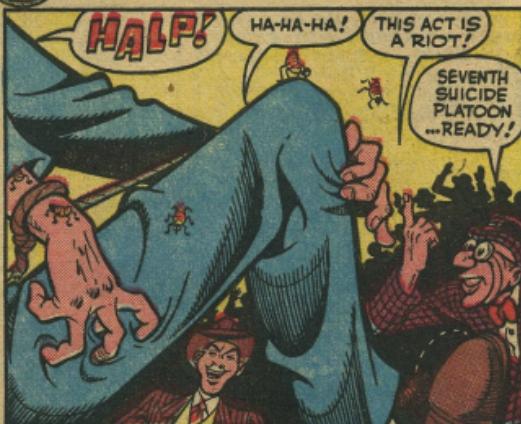
WHAT? JUST THIS LITTLE PIECE OF STRING? SIR, DO YOU MOCK ME?

AW, I DON'T WANT TO MAKE IT TOO HARD FOR YOU! IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH ENOUGH!



FOURTH REGIMENT, FORM YOUR LINES!

WHY, THIS IS CHILD'S PLAY! HUH?...WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?



HALP! GET THESE FIENDS OFF ME! I'M BEING EATEN ALIVE!

FIFTH BATTALION --ATTACK!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THESE JAILERS, SCRAMOLO...UNLESS YOU ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!



HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF THE ROPES? HOW DO YOU WORK THE ESCAPE FROM THE CAGE? THEN HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF THE CONCRETE HUT?

IT'S--OOCH! EASY--YOWK...



I CARRY TINY RAZOR BLADES ALL OVER ME FOR THE ROPES -- I USE SMALL MAGNETS TO SPREAD THE BARS OF A CAGE -- AND SMALL CHARGES OF DYNAMITE, TREATED WITH A CHEMICAL TO MUFFLE THE NOISE, TO TUNNEL OUT OF THE CONCRETE HUTS!

FINE! I'LL TAKE YOUR DUDS BEFORE YOU GO, AND SEE HOW YOU HIDE ALL THAT STUFF IN THEM!



HELLO, BOYS! TAKE ME OFF TO ONE OF YOUR NICE JAILS! PLEASE: THOSE MONSTERS NEARLY NIBBLED ME TO DEATH!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SCRAMOLO!

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, PLEAS'! IF HE MAKES A FALSE MOVE, ATTACK!



SO HE ONLY USED TO GIVE PRIVATE PERFORMANCES! WHAT A SPECIALTY... BUSTING OUT OF JAILS!

BUT WHAT WILL WE DO FOR AN ESCAPE ARTIST?



WHY, IT'S A CINCH, COLONEL! HERE ARE SCRAMOLO'S GADGETS JUST AS HE SAID! WITH THESE THINGS HANDY, I CAN TAKE HIS PLACE IN A JIFFY!



At the evening show...



?GULP! SPLUTTER! UGH! ... IT DOESN'T WORK!

FAKE! HE CAN'T DO IT! WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

YOU BUNGLING LOUD-MOUTHED IDIOT!



HOW WE GONNA MAKE AN ACT OUT OF THIS, COLONEL?

I'VE GOT IT! HUSTLE PROFESSOR SCRATZ BACK HERE! WE'LL PUT HIS FLEAS INTO THE ACT WITH CARNIE--!

YI-YI-YIPE! AND THIS WAS MY IDEA!



Sally O'NEIL



Search the
lawbooks!

What can be done
to protect us from
the **RED GOD
RUBY????**

Leave it to
Policewoman
Sally O'Neil

Good police officers
Sometimes protest
against assignments....

BUT, CAPTAIN,
I'M WAY BEHIND
IN MY MURDER
INVESTIGATIONS!
WHY SEND ME TO
A **SOCIETY**
WEDDING?

I'VE GOT
TO, SALLY!
AMONG THE
PRESENTS IS THE
RED GOD RUBY!
MIGHT BE STOLEN! YOU
AND KNUCKS KNOX MUST
GUARD IT!

HERE'S A
GLASS IMITATION!
LOOK FOR THE REAL
THING -- AND KEEP
IT IN SIGHT!

IF YOU INSIST,
CAPTAIN! I'LL GET
INTO FORMAL
COSTUME!



YOU'RE GORJIS, SALLY! WAIT'LL I SLICK DOWN ME HAIR -- WE'LL LOOK LIKE WE'RE FROM NOBLE FAMILIES!

LET'S GET GOING, KNUCKS! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS RED GOD RUBY! IT WAS ONCE THE SACRED STONE OF MAZUNGA!

Later, at the reception following the Kingbred-Rousseau wedding...

GLAD TO OBLIGE, MRS. ROUSSEAU! BUT YOUR MOTHER -- MRS. KINGBRED -- WISHES TO SEE ME!



HERE ARE THE PRESENTS YOU MUST WATCH! MR. GWARDEN, MY SECRETARY, WILL EXPLAIN!

ONE GIFT IN PARTICULAR MUST BE CAREFULLY GUARDED!



SAINTS O' MERCY! WHAT A GOB OF GLITTER!

THE GIFT OF THE GROOM'S MOTHER! MANY HAVE DIED OVER THIS JEWEL -- BACK TO THE BEGINNINGS OF ITS HISTORY IN THE EASTERN KINGDOM OF MAZUNGA!



Then, at the door...

SIR! IF YOU HAVE BUSINESS, IT MUST WAIT -- THE MADAME IS OCCUPIED ...

I KNOW! HER DAUGHTER'S WEDDING! HERE IS MY INVITATION!



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Back to the table of gifts, where...

I HAVEN'T TAKEN
MY EYES OFF OF
THAT JEWEL!
YOUR MYSTERY
MAN DIDN'T
EVEN COME
NEAR IT!

STAY HERE AND
KEEP SPECIAL
GUARD --- I'LL
SEARCH THE
RECEPTION
ROOMS!

GWARDEN'S REALLY
JUMPED-UP! HE MUST BE
SEARCHING EVEN THE
SUGAR BOWLS IN
THE KITCHEN!

SALAAM, MY FRIENDS!
HOW CHARMING
AN OCCASION!



LET'S BE PLAIN,
SIR! IF YOU CAME
AFTER IT, YOU
DON'T GET
IT!



NOSSIR! IN FACT,
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR
YA, TO CHUCK
YA OUT!

SO? SPEAKING
OF CHUCKING--



I SHALL CHUCK
THIS TEAR GAS
INTO YOUR
EYES!









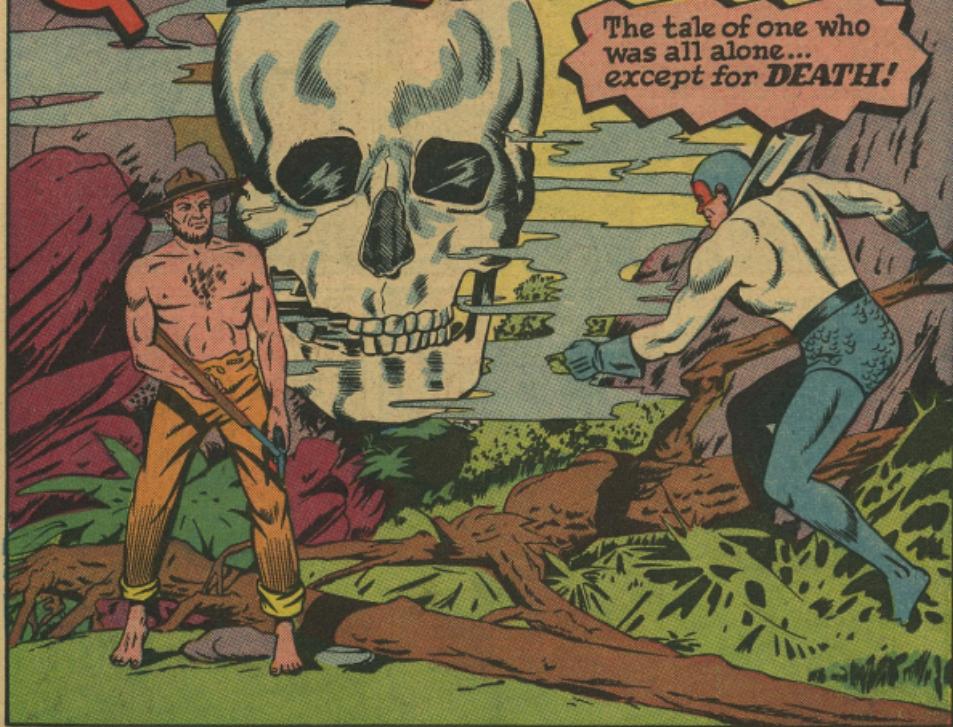


SALTY WATERS



Quicksilver

The tale of one who
was all alone...
except for **DEATH!**



It has happened...the most daring
and skilful prison break of history!



Even the watchful guards
are outthought and
outfought!



An armored car, by chance
in the yard, is captured—
the fugitives win clear!

IF LONESOME HADN'T
PLANNED THIS, WE
COULDN'T HAVE
PULLED IT!

GLAD YOU
REALIZE
THAT! I'M
GIVING THE
ORDERS—HEAD
UP THE
MOUNTAIN
ROAD!



The forces of law and order gather....

WHICH WAY?

THEY'RE HEADING UP THE MOUNTAIN ROAD! WE CAN CUT THEM OFF!

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO! WHY DID YOU BRING US INTO THIS TRAP, LONESOME?

YOUR THICK SKULL WOULDN'T LET THE TRUTH IN, SO ---



RIGHT -- LONESOME. THE MAN WHO PLANNED THE BREAK! HE'S A LONE-HAND THUG -- ONE OF THE HARDEST MEN TO CATCH IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME!

HE USED THESE STOOGES TO BREAK OUT! THEN, WHEN THEY WERE USELESS, HE KILLED THEM! BUT WHERE DID HE GO?

PROBABLY UP THE MOUNTAIN! WE'LL NEVER TRACK HIM OVER THOSE ROCKS!

BUT HE CAN HARDLY STAY UP THERE! SEE YOU LATER!



QUICKSILVER has a million sources of information--and climbs like a cat to check them--even to the sky-aspiring tower where lives--



I CAME TO HELP YOU TWO! I KNOW LONESOME WILL COME THIS WAY -- SHOOTING!

BOTH OF YOU IN ONE NIGHT WILL BE TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD!



COME ON, TELL EVERYTHING! YOU TURNED EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM ONCE -- TO KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF PRISON!

LOOK, THAT'S THE ONLY TIME LONESOME EVER USED PARTNERS! THE THREE OF US PULLED A HOLDUP, WITH HIM AS LEADER! NOW HE'S OUT, HE'LL KILL ME FOR SQUEALING -- SURE!



SURE!

IT'S L-LONESOME!



FIRST LET'S DISPOSE OF YOUR COMPANY -- I HATE CROWDS!

DON'T SHOOT, LONESOME! I GIVE UP!



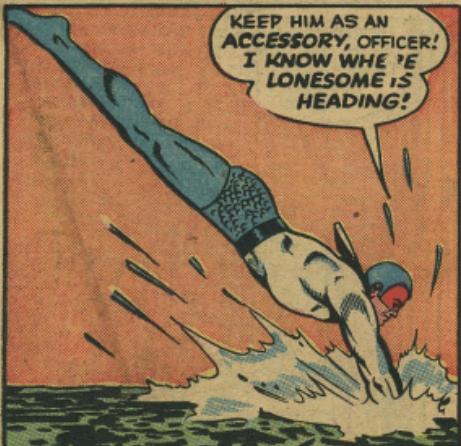


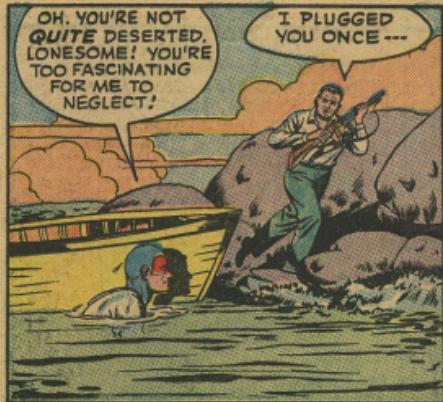
The most remote part
of the pier section...

YEP, THERE HE
COMES -- LIKE HE
PROMISED IN THE
CODE LETTER FROM
THE JAIL
HOUSE!

HERE'S THE
CASH I
PROMISED!

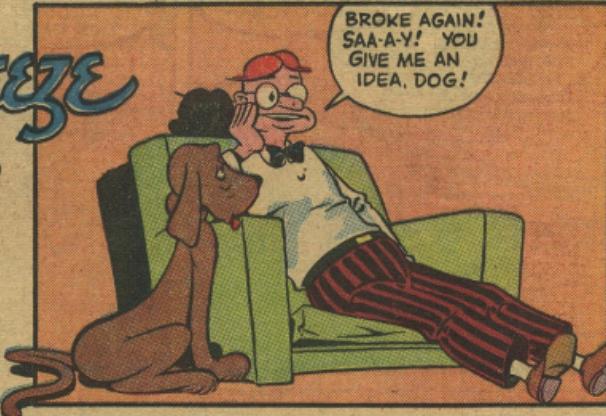
AND I CAN GIVE THE
BRIGHT LIGHTS A
WHIRL! HAVEN'T
SEEN NO NIGHT
LIFE SINCE LILLIAN
RUSSELL WAS A
SOPHISTRETT!



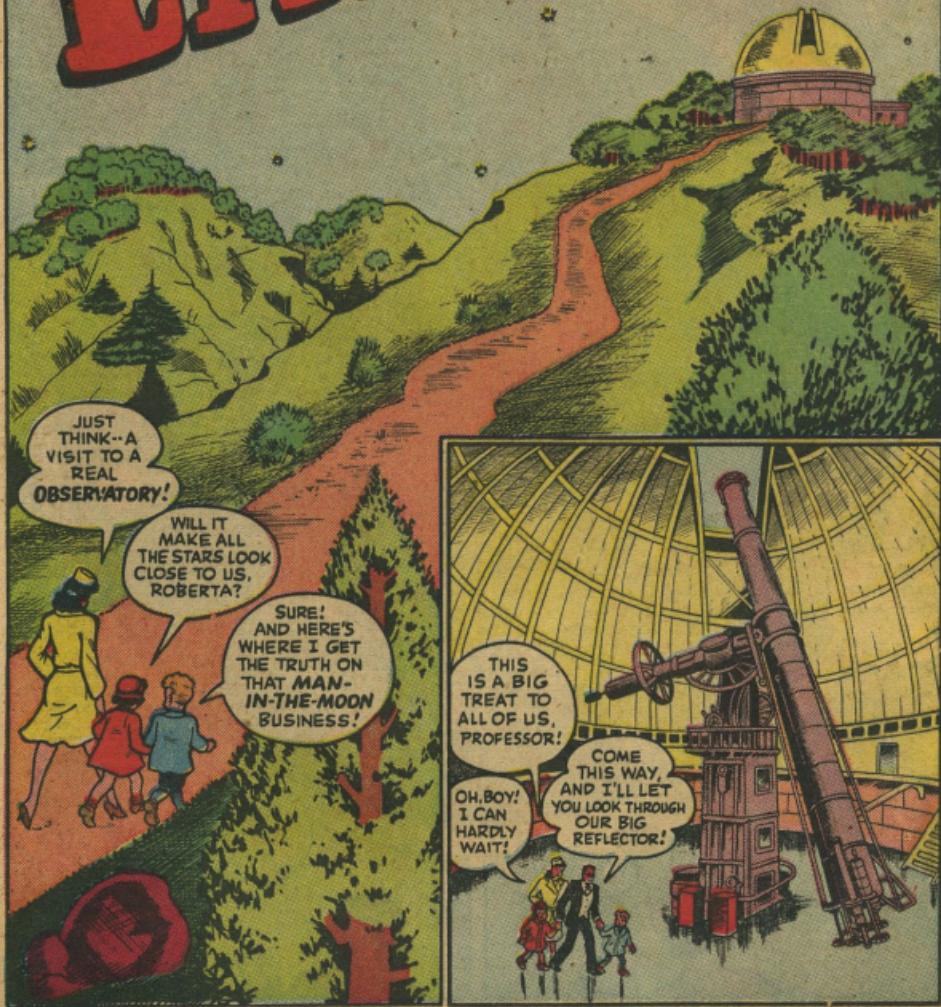


Windy Breeze

Champ
Liar



LASSIE



WHEN WE CAME IN, I COULD ONLY SEE ABOUT THREE OR FOUR STARS SHINING!

MAYBE WE CAN FIND A FEW MORE THROUGH THIS THING!

EEYOW!

WHAT'S UP?... WHATTA YA SEE?



MORE STARS THAN YOU THOUGHT, EH, LASSIE?

PROFESSOR! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

WOW!

ARE THEY ALL WORLDS JUST LIKE WE LIVE ON?

NO. INDEED, LASSIE! THEY ARE MOSTLY BIG SUNS, MANY TIMES LARGER THAN OUR OWN SUN!

BUT THOSE BIG SUNS MAY HAVE PLANETS NEAR THEM, JUST LIKE THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM -- SUCH AS MERCURY, SATURN, MARS AND THE OTHERS!

DO PEOPLE LIVE ON 'EM TOO, PROFESSOR?

WHAT WOULD PEOPLE LOOK LIKE ON MARS OR SATURN?

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT FORM OF LIFE, IF ANY, EXISTS THERE! BUT IF IT DOES AT ALL, IT'S PROBABLY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM OUR OWN!

IT'S POSSIBLE THEY COULD BE WHAT WE'D TERM MONSTERS -- YES -- VERY WEIRD --

PECULIAR LOOKING CREATURES!

WE MUSTN'T MISS THAT NEXT BUS, CHILDREN!

WOW!



JUST S'POSE THEY SHOULD HAVE ROCKET SHIPS ON MARS.
LADDIE!

AND SHOULD DECIDE TO ATTACK THE EARTH SOME NIGHT!
PHEW!



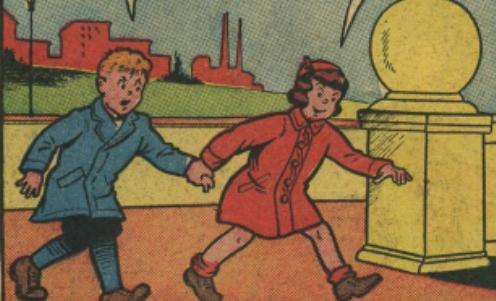
I HAVE TO STOP AT THE DRESSMAKERS FOR A FITTING! BUT YOU TWO GO STRAIGHT HOME! I'LL JOIN YOU THERE!

BRING SOME ICE CREAM WITH YOU, ROBERTA!



BUT, LASSIE,
ROBERTA SAID TO
GO STRAIGHT
HOME!

THIS WAY'S A LITTLE
LONGER, BUT IT'S MORE
FUN TO GO THROUGH
THE PARK
HERE!



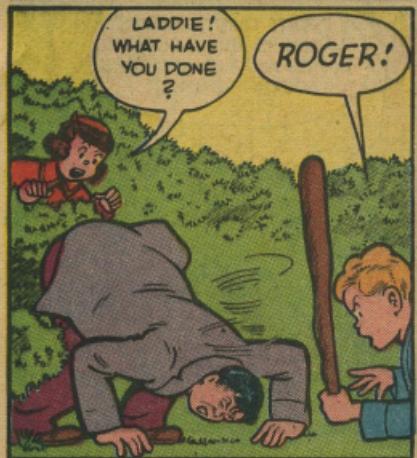
SAY, IT'S SPOOKY THIS WAY!
PHEW! I'D HATE TO MEET ANY OF THOSE MONSTER MEN FROM MARS, WOULDN'T YOU?

SAY! I WONDER JUST WHAT THOSE THINGS WOULD LOOK LIKE, ANYWAY!

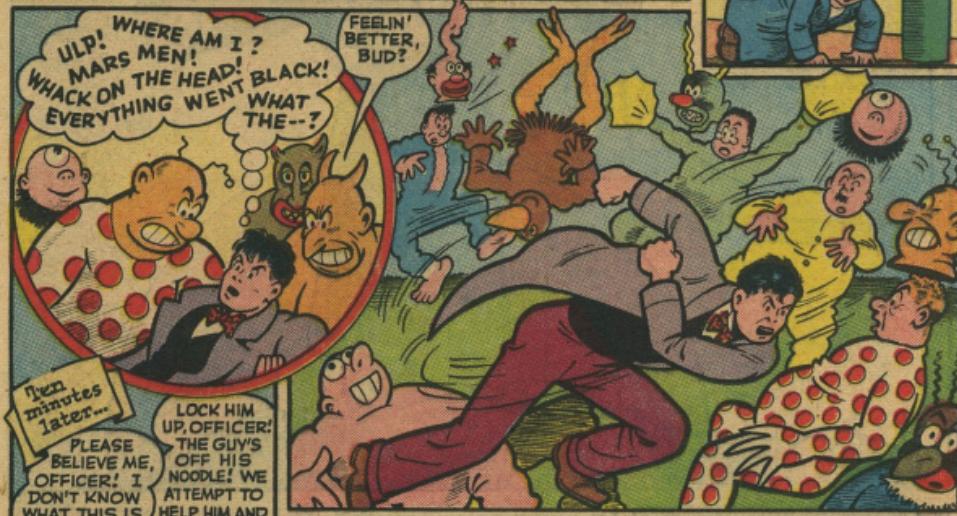






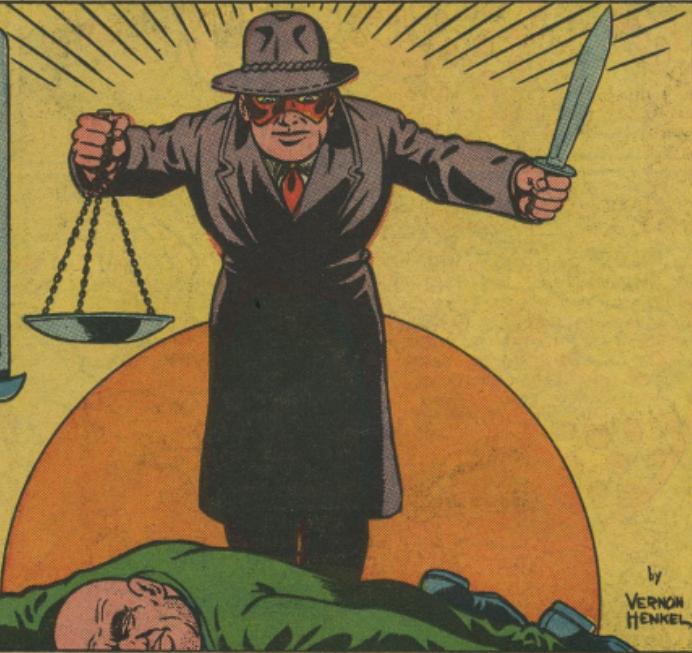


NATIONAL COMICS



The WHISTLER

When Mallory Drake, police reporter, meets injustice he can only write about it.... but as THE WHISTLER, he stalks the shadows to right a thousand wrongs!



by
VERNON HENKEL

THE MURDER TRIAL OF MONK MC GURN DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

HO-HMM! ALMOST OVER- AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT JURY, I'D SAY MONK WAS AS GOOD AS FRIED RIGHT NOW!



I AGREE, DRAKE! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN HONEST JURY AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST MONK IS AIRTIGHT THIS TIME!

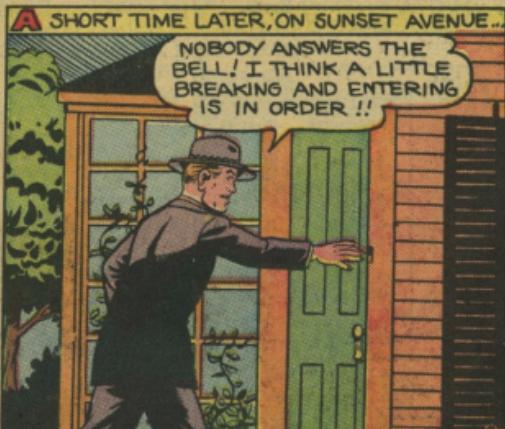
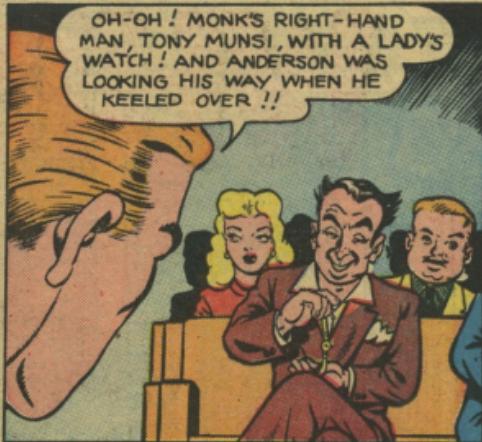
GOOD THING! THAT GOON HAS DONE MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF KILLING AND ROBBING IN THIS TOWN!!

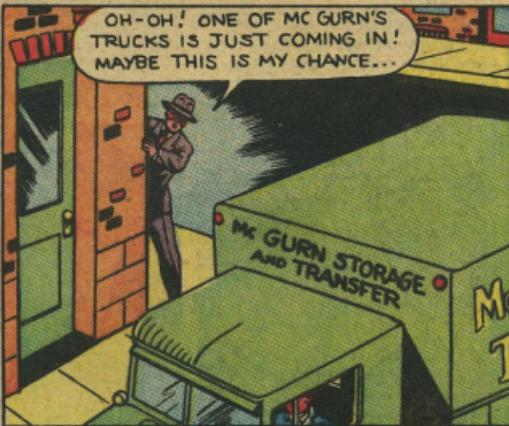


SUDDENLY, IN THE JURY BOX...

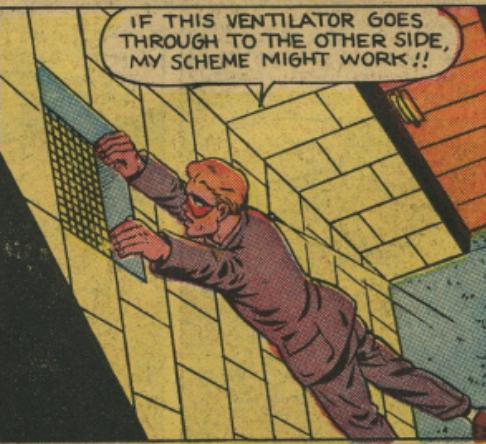


AWRRRK!
NO! IT CAN'T BE
TRUE! TH-THEY
WOULDN'T DARE...

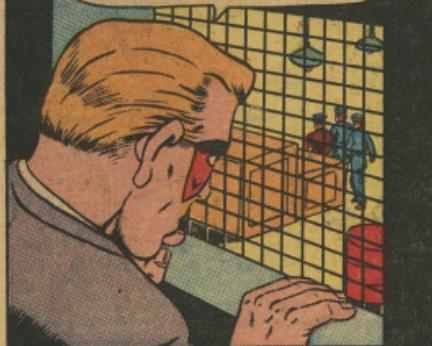








THERE THEY GO! NOW'S MY CHANCE-
IF I CAN JUST THROW MY WHISTLE
SO IT SEEMS TO COME FROM OUTSIDE
THIS ROOM SOMEWHERE!!



YUP! IT SURE FEELS GOOD
NOT TO BE SCARED BY THAT
WHISTLE ... AWRKK!
THE WHISTLER!
HE GOT OUT
SOMEHOW! HE'S
OVER BY THE
STAIRS!!



YOU DUMB APES! IF YOU'VE
LEFT AN OPENING IN
THERE, I'LL BEAT YOU
CONSCIOUS!!



SOMEBODY MISSED! HE COULDN'T
BE IN HERE AND OVER THERE,
TOO... EEEEEEOW!!



THIS TIME I'LL MAKE
SURE MY JOB IS WELL
DONE!



YOU GO ALONG NOW,
MRS. ANDERSON! GET
A CAB HOME AND PHONE
YOUR HUSBAND THAT
YOU'RE SAFE! I'LL CALL
THE POLICE!

B-BUT I HAVEN'T
THANKED YOU FOR
RESCUING ME!
WON'T YOU COME
ALONG...??



THANKS JUST THE SAME BUT
I -ER- HAVE TO RELIEVE A FRIEND
OF MINE WHO'S -ER- DUE IN COURT
IN THE MORNING!! VERY IMPORTANT!



BANDITOS

IT was only a ramshackle hut, a hundred yards off the road, but it looked like heaven to Till Gordon, the man the law sought for a theft he didn't commit.

Till stumbled toward the shack and entered. The opening had no door. He found a pile of straw in a dark corner and slumped down. His feet were blistered, sore. He was hot and hungry, but more than that he was tired. For the last five days he had been on the dodge. He knew the lawman and his posse would not listen to his story. Till wasn't very well liked in the town of Red Valley.

"I'm an outlaw," he said to himself, hating the sound of the words. "The law is after my hair. Gosh, if I'd really stuck up the bank it wouldn't be so bad, but this—this—" He let the sentence hang there; it was so ugly and frightening. Outlaw. On the dodge. Oh, what shame! What was his poor old mother thinking of him now? She would not know the real truth. The town thought him guilty.

Till lay back and felt the delicious ease of the reclining position. He was dog tired. How his head throbbed!

He must have dozed a bit. But the few days of his chase had grafted into his brain something of the instincts of the wild, hunted thing. He sat up with a start. He had heard a sound. A dull, muted throbbing. Horses' hoofs beating the hard sod. Horsemen were coming! The posse, of course. And Sheriff Link Holcomb, who had hated his father—Till's father.

Till scrambled to his feet, almost crying out with the pain in his feet. His brain reeled a bit from the sudden movement, and dark specks zipped across his blurred vision. He was about all in. And now here came doom!

The sound of the galloping

hoofs grew plainer. Till dashed out of the shack, around the corner from the front, and hid in a clump of mesquite about fifteen feet away from the back of the shack. Soon he saw six horsemen gallop up to the front and dismount. They all entered the shack. He could hear them talking, but could not make out what they said. He sat quietly, hoping they would leave soon.

Then two men came outside and led the horses to a sheltered clearing close to where Till hid. They spoke to each other in low voices.

"What's got into ole Boomer?" one of them asked. "Actin' like he hated the passel of us."

"Oh, he's on one of his uppity-uppities," said the other. "Don't pay no mind to ole Boomer."

They settled down and Till heard them get out the "makings". A match scratched. Then for a moment there was silence. Till wondered how long this would go on. He wanted to stretch his legs; he was crouched in a cramped position. His legs ached.

One of the nearby spoke again: "Any chance that Boomer'll try to cut us out, y'think?"

The other chuckled. "Let him try it, Boze, an' see what your little pard does about it. Naw, Ole Boomer won't try none o' that stuff."

"Wonder what become o' the kid they're chasin'?" went on one of the outlaws. For by now Till knew them for what they were. "Must be pretty slick to keep outa sight this long, with ole Link Holcomb on his trail."

"Yeah. 'At was a good stunt of Boomer's shovin' the blame onto that punk kid. Haw-haw!"

Till felt himself stiffen. The dirty rats! So they were the ones who had robbed the bank at Red Valley, and then blamed him for

it. He almost betrayed his position in his agitation. But he caught himself. He was unarmed; these men would be bristling with guns.

An abrupt sound of loud talking broke through the outlaws' conversation. Till cocked an ear. The noisy argument emanated from the shack. Suddenly there were two shots in rapid succession. Then silence. The two chaps holding the horses got quickly to their feet and one of them ran toward the shack.

The other outlaw stood tense, waiting. The first man came running back.

"Ole Boomer an' Mac done themselves in," he reported. "Ole Boomer's still alive, but he's a goner. Mac's got the top o' his cabeza blowed off. Come on, Hick."

Hick and the other hurried toward the shack. Till could hear no further conversation. The two men soon came out of the shack and headed toward the horses. They began untangling the saddle bags, which obviously were full of something mighty heavy. They stacked them in a heap. Till knew what was in those bags—money. Money from the bank the outlaws had robbed, and then put the blame on him!

The men carried the saddle bags into the shack, but came out quickly, got on their horses and rode, leading the mustangs belonging to the dead men. This was Till's chance. He got up and ran or the shack, ducked inside. He instantly saw that the pile of straw was the hiding place of the loot.

What was he to do? He'd have to bury the money somewhere and then set out for town to report his discovery to the authorities, and clear his own name.

Till felt very happy the way things had turned out. More than anything else, he knew how over-

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joyed his mother would be to know that her son was not an outlaw. Then into his pleasant anticipations came the sound of galloping horses. The outlaws were returning. What was he to do? He was trapped in the shack, with no place to hide, and only one door and no windows.

He leaped for the fireplace and began crawling up the chimney. It was a tight squeeze, but he managed to draw his slight body upward far enough that his feet would not show below. The soot choked him and there was a moment when his desire to sneeze became torture, but he smothered it.

He heard the men dismount and enter the shack. He could not hear their conversation, but he knew that they were going to hide the money in a better place.

Twenty mintes passed while he clung to the inside of that stifling chimney, wishing the outlaws would get going. Suddenly he felt a hotter air coming up. They had lighted a fire below! He would be roasted alive. The hot blast rushed up, singeing his legs and face. Till prayed fast. And then he heard the sound of horses galloping away.

Carefully he lowered himself and jumped out of the fireplace. The fire had been only momentary—a bunch of papers, which were now only glowing ash.

The outlaws were gone.

Till gave the shack a good looking over, seeing that the heap of

straw had not been disturbed. The men must have burned some incriminating evidence along with the newspapers. That had been the reason for the fire.

Well, there was nothing else to detain him. He left the shack and headed toward town, which was about five miles distant. His feet were in better condition by now, and he covered the miles at a fast pace, keeping to the shelter of bushes along the road.

It was nearly sunset when he entered the single street of the town. Few persons were in sight. He went directly to the sheriff's office. The sheriff was absent, but a young deputy, instantly recognizing him, drew his gun and jumped to his feet!

"Till!" he shouted. "So you came in to give yourself up. That's better. We've have got you sooner or later."

Till found his voice. "No," he said. "I didn't do it. I can prove it. Boomer's gang did it. I know where they buried the money. Where's the sheriff?"

A bunch of horsemen rode up and slid to a halt outside. Then the sheriff was filling the doorway, and his men crowded behind him. Till told his story. The sheriff listened, but was not convinced.

"All right, Till," he said gruffly. "Mebbe you're tellin' the truth, an' mebbe you ain't. Fork a cayuse out there and head fer the shack. But no funny stuff. We'll be coverin' ya!"

Till grinned as he climbed into the saddle. Then he looked at the sheriff. "Would it be all right if I stopped off and told my mother? She must be worried."

The sheriff scratched his head. Then he drawled, "Okay, son. I'll go in with ya, so's you don't get no notions. Lead on!"

Till spent only a few minutes with his mother, who was greatly relieved and showed her emotions though the sheriff stood looking on. Then they were off toward the shack.

The two dead men still lay where they had fallen. Till went to the straw heap and kicked it. He gasped. There was only straw. The money was gone!

The sheriff snorted. "Uh-huh. How about it, young feller? Ain't where you thought it'd be, huh?"

A sudden idea struck Till. He ran to the fireplace and kicked away the burned papers. Several loose stones were revealed. He lifted one, then took the others out. The saddle bags with their loot were buried there. He dragged them out.

"They almost caught me here and I climbed up the chimney," he related. "Never figured they were burying the money. . . . Well, now do you believe me?"

"Okay, Till, you're clear," the sheriff said. "I know you wasn't packin' no gun an' couldn't a kilt these ornery hombres. Come on, boy. They's a nice reward fer these skunks waitin' fer ya."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF NATIONAL COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1945.

State of Connecticut | ss:
County of Fairfield | ss:

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the publication, etc., as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Bremner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, National Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn., Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn., Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders or lessors of real estate, if any, holding or controlling one per cent or more of the total amount of stock, bonds, and other securities, or if there are none, (if there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in case where the stockholders or security holders are not the names of the persons or corporation for whom such trustees in acting, is given; also that the two paragraphs hereinabove mentioned embracing affidavit, full knowledge and belief, and the name of the person or corporation by which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and that the company has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has or holds any direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Swear to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1945.

LOUIE J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1949.)

DESTROYER 171

Lt. Commander
BLAKE1st Officer
CONROY

IN the long and terrible conflict, now ended, DESTROYER 171, the fighting U.S.S. PAWNEE, played an heroic role....

Only two days before the long-awaited Victory, she fought and won a gallant battle! Although wounded, she will sail again!

DESTROYER 171, like many another brave Ship, will take her place in the Fleet, will do her share to preserve the Peace which she so courageously helped to win!



HYDROPHONE SOUNDING!
REPORT SUB LYING TO
THE STARBOARD!

MAN THE GUNS!
START CIRCLING
TO PIN DOWN
THAT JAP!

AYE,
SIR!



THAT SUB COMMANDER MUST BE CRAZY! WE'RE ONLY AN HOUR'S SAILING TIME FROM OUR HOME BASE! THESE WATERS SWARM WITH ALLIED SHIPS!



HARD RIGHT RUDDER!
WE'RE BEARING DOWN ON HER!



THERE SHE IS!
SHE'S COME UP TO FIGHT!



OPEN FIRE!



THE DEVILS!
THEY'VE FOUND THE RANGE ALREADY!

FIRE NUMBER ONE TORPEDO!



LOOK OUT FOR TORPEDO!



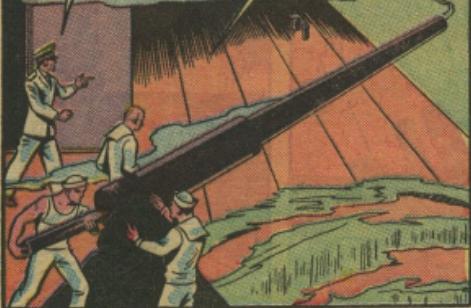
THEY GOT US!

CRASH!



STAND BY YOUR GUNS! THAT JAP PIGBOAT WILL COME UP FOR THE KILL!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE, SIR! WE'RE TOO CRIPPLED TO FIGHT!



WHERE'S THAT SUB? WE'VE BEEN WAITING TEN MINUTES!

MAYBE HE'S TOYING WITH US! HE KNOWS WE'RE AT HIS MERCY!



HYDROPHONES REPORT SUB HAS MOVED AWAY, SIR!

WELL, I'LL BE! IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW THE JAP THINKS!



WE WERE COLD MEAT! BUT HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO TAKE US OFF THE PLATE!

PROBABLY HE HAD OTHER BUSINESS! WE'D BETTER CHECK THE PUMPS!



WE'RE SHIPPING WATER FASTER THAN THE PUMPS CAN CLEAR IT OUT! WE'LL BE LUCKY TO MAKE PORT!

WE'LL MAKE IT! OUR MAIN SUPPLY BASE IS ONLY AN HOUR'S CRUISE!



Smoking and wounded, Destroyer 171 limps painfully back to the base --

WE'LL NEED TIME TO ASSESS THE DAMAGE! GIVE ALL THE MEN SHORE LEAVE UNTIL EIGHTEEN O'CLOCK!



Later, after the preliminary Survey is completed...

THE PAWNEE WILL BUT SHE WON'T BE OUT AGAIN FOR SOME TIME TO COME. MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE BASE BEFORE WE TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT!



WE'RE BUILDING UP THE SINews OF WAR, EH. CONROY?

YES, SIR! ENOUGH AMMUNITION IN THOSE SUPPLY SHEDS TO WIPE THE ISLAND OF HONSHU OFF THE MAP!



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS?

LOOKS LIKE A NAVAL CAP!



IT IS! THE JAPANESE NAVY! IT'S THE TYPE WORN BY THEIR SUBMARINE OFFICERS!

BY THUNDER, YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL BET IT'S THE SAME SUB THAT TAGGED US! NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT! THEIR JOB WAS TO LAND A SABOTAGE UNIT ON THE ISLAND!



KILL THEM!



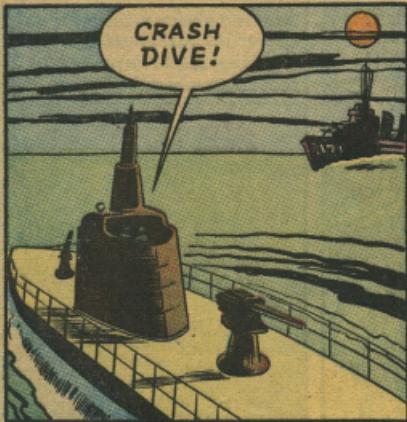
RUN, CONROY! SOUND THE ALARM!







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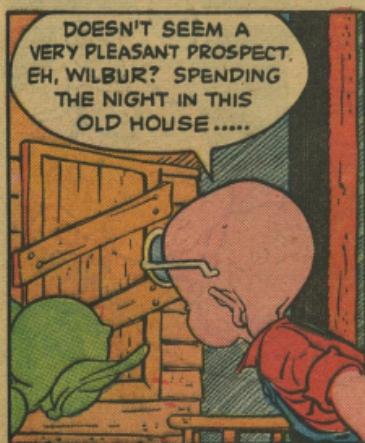
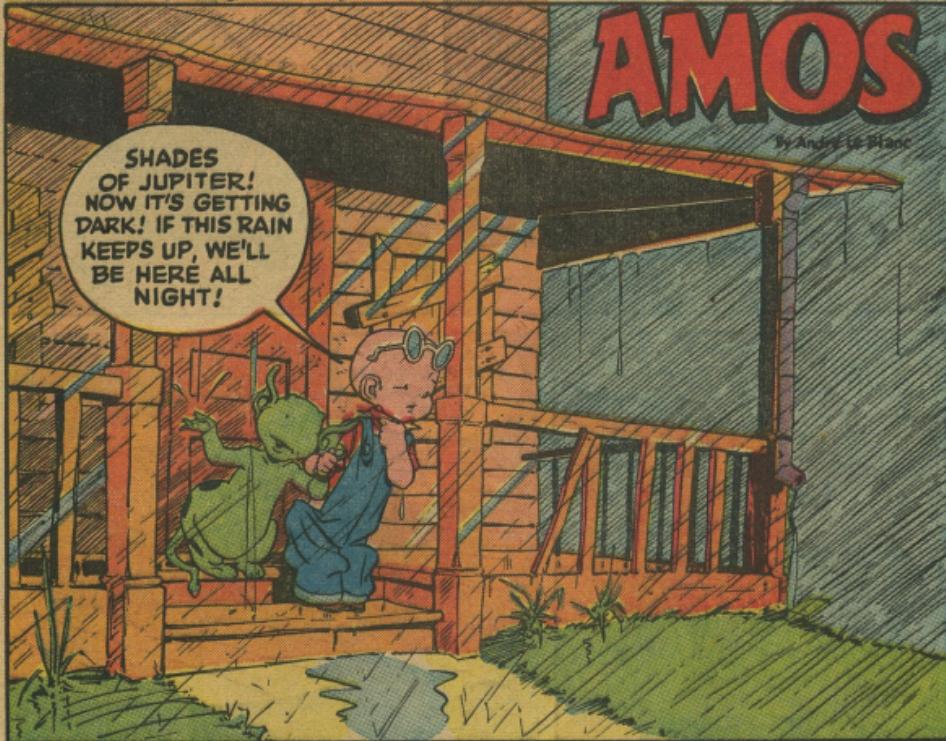


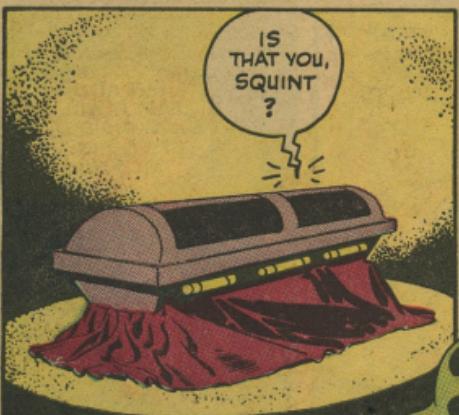
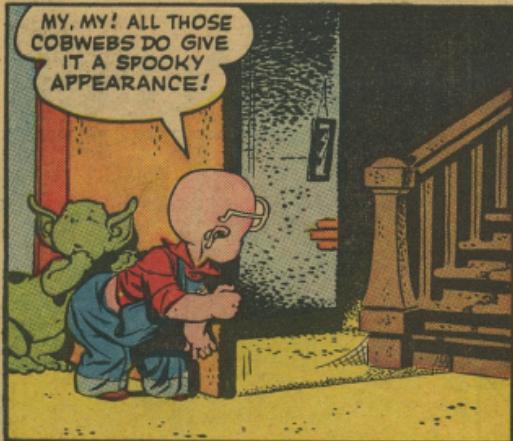
RUN, WILBUR!
WE'RE IN FOR
A STORM!

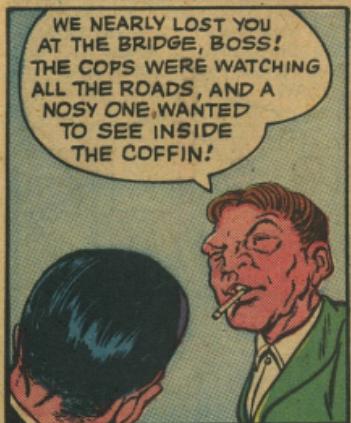
Intellectual

AMOS

By Andre Le Blanc



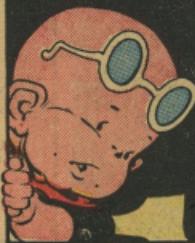




THE PRISON BREAK AND THE COFFIN GAG ARE BOTH SMART, BOSS, BUT IF I HADN'T SCRAGGED THAT COPPER, THEY'D A' HAD YOU BACK IN STIR!



THEY'RE MURDERERS! FUGITIVES AND MURDERERS! AND WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY!



WELL, IT'S ALL OVER! LET'S SCRAM!



HMM! WE DON'T NEED IT ANY MORE, BUT WE CAN'T RISK LEAVING IT BEHIND! THE COPS MIGHT TRACE IT!



ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY RAISE A SQUAWK ABOUT THAT BRIDGE INCIDENT!



SQUINT! PETE! GET THAT HEARSE UP TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE!... WE'RE TAKIN' THE CASKET WITH US TO THE HIDEOUT!



THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FOLLOW THEM! IN THE CASKET!



AND HURRY WITH THAT HEARSE!



I'LL BET THIS WAS THE SNAPPIEST PRISON BREAK THEY EVER SAW!

AND HOW!... WHAT NOW-- BACK TO THE OLD HIDE-OUT, BOSS?



I CAN HARDLY WAIT
TO START WHIPPING
THE OLD RACKETS
BACK IN LINE,
EH, BOSS?

YEH,
SURE!
BUT I'VE
BEEN
THINKING....



...IF WE TAKE THE COFFIN
INTO THE HIDEOUT, SOME-
BODY'S SURE TO SEE IT COME
IN AND WE'LL STILL HAVE
TO GET RID OF IT LATER!
SO WHAT'S THE
SENSE?

...TURN AROUND!
WE'RE TAKING
THIS COFFIN
STRAIGHT TO
THE CEMETERY!

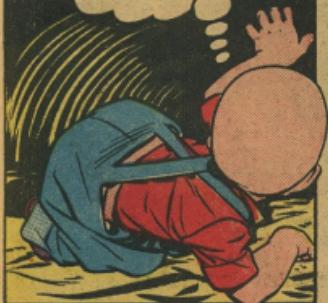


HMM... I OUGHT TO
TRY THIS LID TO SEE ---
HEY! IT WON'T
BUDGE! IT'S
LOCKED!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
WE'RE
LOCKED
IN!

HOLD ON, THERE!
YOU CAN'T COME IN
HERE AT THIS
HOUR!

BLAZES!
THE
WATCH-
MAN!



@@#%&!! I'D
FORGOTTEN THERE'D
BE A WATCHMAN!
HOLD HIS MOUTH:
SO HE WON'T
YELL!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT?
UMF...!

SHUT UP!
YOU'LL
SOON
FIND
OUT!



WE'LL BURY HIS
BODY IN THE
COFFIN! WHERE'S
MY GUN?

RATS! IT MUST'VE
DROPPED OUT
OF MY
POCKET!







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